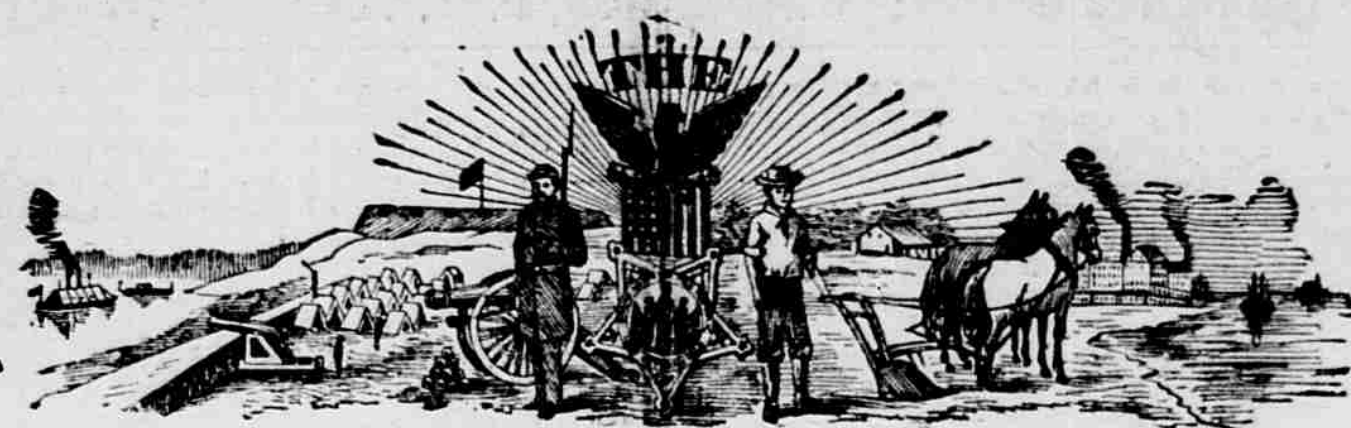


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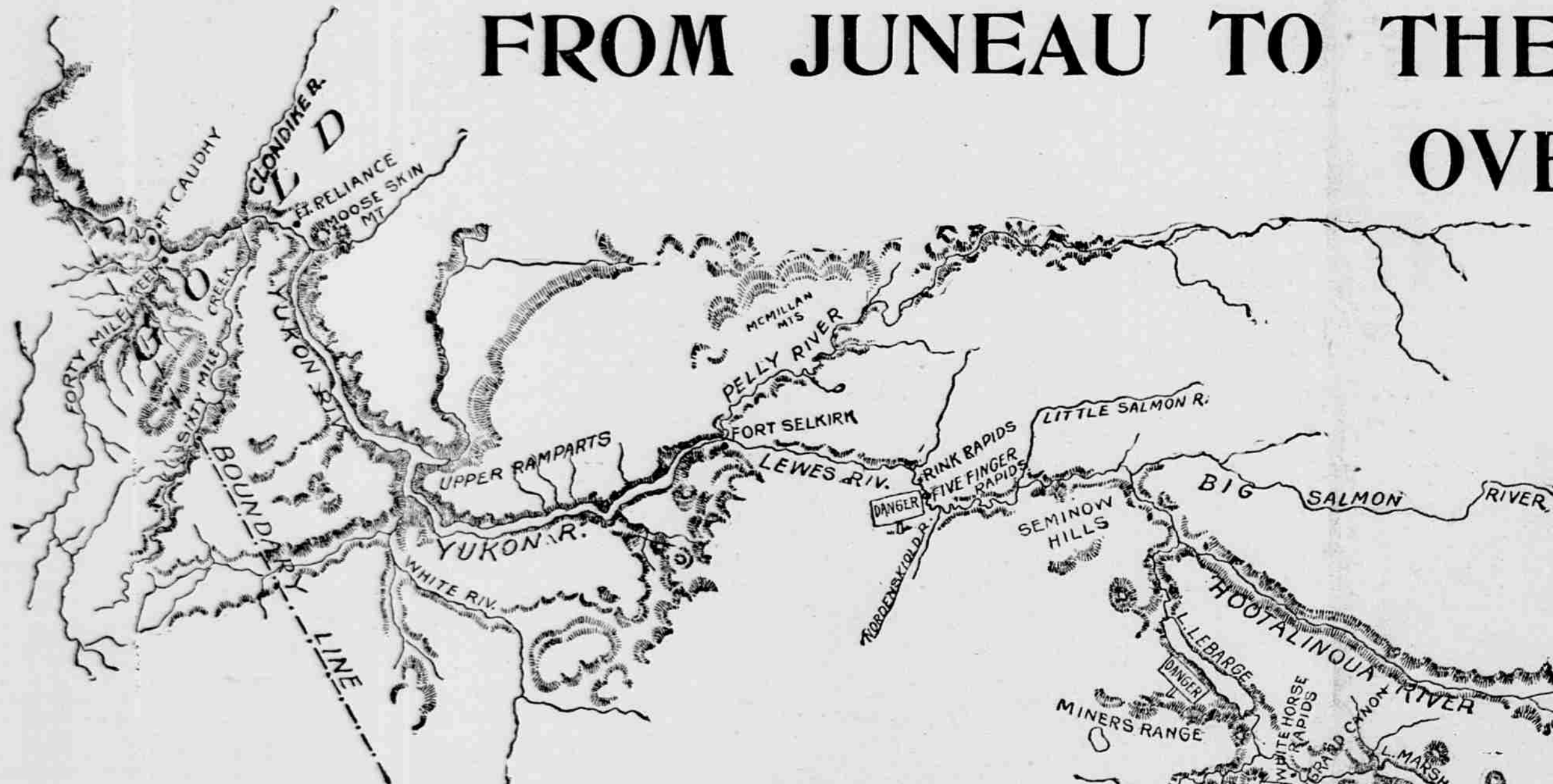
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VOL. XVI—NO. 43—WHOLE NO. 834.

FROM JUNEAU TO THE KLONDYKE OVER THE CHILCOOT PASS.



GROUP OF MINERS



JUNEAU.

KLONDYKE GOLD FIELDS. THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE TO THE FAMOUS MINES.

MINUTE DETAILS OF EVERY STAGE OF THE TRIP. FIRST AND FULLEST ACCOUNT BY A MAN WHO REALLY MADE THE JOURNEY.

The Voyage to Dyea—Over the Chilcoot Pass—Dangerous Ice. Running the White Horse Rapids—The Torrent at the Five Fingers—Tormented by Muskets. Danger and Travail—Past the Klondyke and Final Arrival at Forty-Mile.

BY REV. FRANCIS BARNUM, OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

Published exclusively by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

WE PRINT BELOW THE first published account of the shortest road to the Klondyke, or Clondyke, as some write the corruption of the Indian name for "The water full of fish." The writer is Father Francis Barnum, and his narrative is a letter addressed to an associate in his Order. Father Barnum is a Washington man, a missionary, sent out to the far Northwest from the Jesuit College at Georgetown, now included within the limits of the National Capital. For six years he has been traveling in Alaska, studying languages and making grammars. Now he is in Arctic Alaska, making a dictionary of the Inuit or Eskimo tongue.

Like "The Black Robes" who entered the Long House of the dreaded Iroquois in the 17th and 18th centuries, threaded the wilderness of Canada, lived in the lodges of the Hurons, opened the way to the head of the Great Lakes, he is one of the men to whom the world owes its first knowledge of the continent from Lake Champlain to the Columbia. They tramped and voyaged by Summer and Winter, sending back to the Superior at Montreal those wonderful Relations that now form an immortal chapter in the history of heroic achievement. They bore light to the benighted in one hand, and in the other held aloft the torch of knowledge to the civilization that was to follow. They left their ashes at the stake, or their bones in the unknown forest.

The reader will find him a man endowed with the Heaven-born gift of the story-teller, who can take us all with him by the power of his simple words. With him we hear the thunders of the glaciers, and shudder at yawning canyons; we see the hungry tempest of the rushing waters; we toil with him over steep mountains, and creep at the foot of overhanging cliffs. All the discomforts and trials are ours, as we read this wonderful picture, and we marvel at the man who sees everything and forgets to set down nothing. It is a great story. The readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE are the first to see it, outside of the brothers of the Order to whom it was sent.

It will be observed that the route described is the one by the Chilcoot Pass to the lakes and streams which form the headwaters of the Yukon, and from Juneau by this course the distance to the mines is only about 700 miles. This route has also the advantage of being practicable at all seasons of the year, while the passage by steamer to the mouth of the Yukon

is usually closed in September by the forming of ice on the river. Although the way described is extremely perilous, owing to deep snows at the portages, yet it has been done frequently on the ice with dog teams or sail-boats in Midwinter. Indeed, an attempt was made successfully last season to open a mail route by means of Indian carriers between Forty-Mile and Dyea.

FATHER BARNUM'S NARRATIVE. In order to reach that portion of the Territory of Alaska which is known as the Yukon region, the traveler has the choice of two distinct routes; one of these leads to the mouth, and the other to the head waters of our great northern river, in which the prospectors who are thronging into this region. The point of departure for this route is the thriving little settlement of Juneau. This town, which numbers 2,000 inhabitants, now ranks as the metropolis of Alaska. It was founded in 1880 by Joseph Juneau, who made some rich discoveries there, and from him the town has derived its name. It is situated on the mainland, and is separated from Douglas Island by the Gastineau Channel. Steamers touch here every week from Seattle, 976 miles below, and then continue their course to Sitka, which is situated on Baranof Island, 185 miles further westward. At Juneau the traveler must provide himself with the proper outfit for the journey across the mountains, and as everything has to be carried in shoulder packs, only what is absolutely essential should be taken. The journey to the gold fields is, briefly, as follows: The journey from Juneau to Dyea, a distance of 100 miles, is made by steamer. From Dyea across the summit and down to Lake Lindeman is 27 miles, and this has to be made afoot. On reaching the lakes, the traveler meets with a delay, as he must search for suitable timber; then he must cut down the trees and saw them into planks to build a boat, in which the rest of the journey is made. A large whip-saw is therefore one of the most important items in every Yukon outfit. The circumstances of this trip vary greatly according to the season in which it is made. Those who select "to go in on the ice," as it is termed, leave Juneau about March. They are provided with sleds, on which they drag their outfit over the summit, then they arrange large sails on these sleds, and sail across all the lakes until they reach the Lewes River, where they build their boats.

JUNEAU.

I left San Francisco on the steamer Walla Walla, which sailed on May 24th for Puget Sound. At Port Townsend I made connection with the steamer Aiki, and reached Juneau on the 4th of June, having been delayed two days on the way by running aground in Wrangell Narrows. While we were aground the passengers amused themselves by the mouth of the Yukon

(Continued on third page)

MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

Sherman Declares Gen. Wade Hampton Was to Blame.

TRIBUTE TO SHERMAN.

How the General's Gift to a Friend Proves a Talisman.

ADVANCING WITH DIFFICULTY.

Army Leaves Ruined Columbia for Fayetteville.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

ABOUT THIS TIME I noticed several men trying to get through the crowd to speak with me, and called to some black people to make room for them. When they reached me, they explained that they were officers of our army, who had been prisoners, had escaped from the rebel prison and guard, and were of course overjoyed to find themselves safe with us. I told them that as soon as things settled down they should report to Gen. Howard, who would provide for their safety, and enable them to travel with us. One of them handed me a paper, asking me to read it at my leisure; I put it in my breast-pocket and rode on. Gen. Howard was still with me, and, riding down the street which led by the right to the Charleston Depot, we found it and a large storehouse burned to the ground, but there were on the platform and ground near by piles of cotton bags filled with corn and cornmeal partially burned.

A detachment of Stone's Brigade was guarding this, and separating the good from the bad. We rode along the railroad track, some three or four hundred yards, to a large foundry, when some men rode up and said the rebel cavalry were close by, and he warned us that we might get shot. We accordingly turned back to the market-square, and en route noticed that several of the men were evidently in liquor, when I called Gen. Howard's attention to it. He left me and rode toward Gen. Wood's head of column, which was defiling through the town.

SELECTING HEADQUARTERS.

On reaching the market-square I again met Dr. Goodwin, and inquired where

he proposed to quarter me, and said he that he had selected the house of Blanton Duncan, esq., a citizen of Louisville, Ky., then a resident there, who had the contract for manufacturing the Confederate money, and had fled with Hampton's cavalry. We all rode some six or eight squares back from the new State-house and found a very good modern house, completely furnished, with stabling and a large yard, took it as our Headquarters, and occupied it during our stay.

I considered Gen. Howard as in command of the place, and referred the many applicants for guards and protection to him. Before our Headquarters-wagons had got up I strolled through the streets of Columbia, found sentinels posted at the principal intersections, and generally good order prevailing, but did not again return to the main street, because it was filled with a crowd of citizens watching the soldiers marching by.

During the afternoon of that day, Feb. 17, the whole of the Fifteenth Corps passed through the town and out on the Camden and Winnsboro roads. The Seventeenth Corps did not enter the city at all, but crossed directly over to the Winnsboro road over the pontoon-bridge at Broad River, which was about four miles above the city.

Toward evening of Feb. 17 the Mayor, Dr. Goodwin, came to my quarters at Duncan's house, and remarked that there was a lady in Columbia who professed to be a special friend of mine. On his giving her name I could not recall it, but inquired as to her maiden or family name. He answered Poyas. It so happened that, when I was a Lieutenant at Fort Moultrie, in 1842-46, I used very often to visit a family of that name on the East Branch of Cooper River, about forty miles from Fort Moultrie, and to hunt with the son, Mr. James Poyas, an elegant young fellow and a fine sportsman. His father, mother, and several sisters composed the family, and were extremely hospitable. One of the ladies was very fond of painting in water-colors, which was one of my weaknesses, and on one occasion I had presented her with a volume treating of water-colors. Of course, I was glad to renew the acquaintance, and proposed to Dr. Goodwin that we should walk to her house and visit this lady, who we did.

MEETING AN OLD FRIEND.

The house stood beyond the Charlotte Depot, in a large lot, was of frame, with a high porch, which was reached by a set of steps outside. Entering this yard I noticed ducks and chickens, and a general air of peace and comfort that was really pleasant to behold at that time of universal desolation; the lady in question met us at the head of the steps and invited us into a parlor which was perfectly neat and well furnished. After inquiring about her father, mother, sisters, and especially her brother James, my special friend, I could not help say-

ing that I was pleased to notice that our men had not handled her house and premises as roughly as was their wont.

"I owe it to you, General," she answered. "Not at all. I did not know you were here till a few minutes ago." She reiterated that she was indebted to me for the perfect safety of her house and property, and added: "You remember, when you were at our house on Cooper River in 1845, you gave me a book," and she handed me the book in question, on the fly-leaf of which was written: "To Miss — Poyas, with the compliments of W. T. Sherman, First Lieutenant, 3d Art."

She then explained that, as our army approached Columbia, there was a doubt in her mind whether the terrible Sherman who was devastating the land were W. T. Sherman or T. W. Sherman, both known to be Generals in the Northern army; but, on the supposition that he was her old acquaintance, when Wade Hampton's cavalry drew out of the city, calling out that the Yankees were coming, she armed herself with this book, and awaited the crisis.

A POTENT TALISMAN.

Soon the shouts about the market-house announced that the Yankees had come; very soon men were seen running up and down the streets; a parcel of them poured over the fence, began to chase the chickens and ducks, and to enter her house. She observed one large man, with full beard, who exercised some authority, and to him she appealed in the name of "his General."

"What do you know of Uncle Billy?" "Why," she said, "when he was a young man he used to be our friend in Charleston, and here is a book he gave me." The officer or soldier took the book, looked at the inscription, and, turning to his fellows, said: "Boys, that's so; that's Uncle Billy's writing, for I have seen it often before."

He at once commanded the party to stop pillaging, and left a man in charge of the house, to protect her until the regular provost-guard should be established. I then asked her if the regular guard or sentinel had been as good to her. She assured me that he was a very nice young man; that he had been telling her all about his family in Iowa; and that at that very instant of time he was in another room minding her baby.

Now, this lady had good sense and tact, and had thus turned aside a party who, in five minutes more, would have rifled her premises of all that was good to eat or wear. I made her a long social visit, and before leaving Columbia gave her a half-tierce of rice and about one hundred pounds of ham from our own mess-stores.

In like manner, that same evening I found in Mrs. Simons another acquaintance—the wife of the brother of Hon. James Simons, of Charleston, who had been Miss Wragg. When Columbia was on fire that night, and her house in danger, I had her family and effects carried

to my own Headquarters, gave them my own room and bed, and, on leaving Columbia the next day, supplied her with a half-barrel of hams and a half-tierce of rice.

I mention these specific facts to show that, personally, I had no malice or desire to destroy that city or its inhabitants, as it is generally believed at the South.

After we had got, as it were, settled in Blanton Duncan's house, say, about 2 p. m., I overhauled my pocket, according to custom, to read more carefully the various notes and memoranda received during the day, and found the paper which had been given me, as described, by one of our escaped prisoners. It proved to be the song of "Sherman's March to the Sea," which had been composed by Adj't S. H. M. Byers, of the 5th Iowa, when a prisoner in the asylum at Columbia, which had been beautifully written off by a fellow-prisoner, and handed to me in person.

This appeared to me so good that I at once sent for Byers, attached him to my staff, provided him with horse and equipment, and took him as far as Fayetteville, N. C., whence he was sent to Washington as bearer of dispatches. He was afterwards made United States Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, where I was his guest. I insert the song here for convenient reference and preservation. Byers said that there was an excellent glee club among the prisoners in Columbia who used to sing it well with an audience often of rebel ladies:

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Composed by Adj't BYERS, 5th Iowa. Arranged and sung by the prisoners in Columbia Prison.

I. Our campfires shone bright on the mountains That frowned on our weary way, As we stood by our guns in the morning, And eagerly watched for the foe; Then a rider came out of the darkness That hung over mountain and tree, And shouted: "Boys, up and be ready! For Sherman will march to the sea!"

CHORUS. Then sang we a song of our chieftain That echoed over river and sea; And the stars of our banner shone brighter When Sherman marched down to the sea!

II. Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman And the bugles re-echoed the music; That came from the lips of the men: For we knew that the stars in our banner More bright by their splendor would be, And that blessings from Northland would greet When Sherman marched down to the sea! Then sang we a song, etc.

III. Then forward, boys! forward to battle! We marched on our weary way, We stormed the wild hills of Resaca— God bless those who fell on that day! Then Kenneth Brown fell in his glory, Frowned down on the flag of the free; But the East and the West bore our standard, And Sherman marched on to the sea! Then sang we a song, etc.

IV. Still onward we pressed, till our banners Swept up from Atlanta's grim walls; And the blood of the patriot dampened The soil where the traitor flag falls; But we passed not to weep for the fallen, Who slept by each river and tree, Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel, As Sherman marched down to the sea! Then sang we a song, etc.

V. Oh, proud was our army that morning, That stood where the nine darkly towers, When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary, But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"